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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIII. CHICAGO, APRIL 6, 1899. NUMBER 6.

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MY SYMPHONY.

To live content with small means,
To seek elegance rather than luxury,
And refinement rather than fashion—
To bear all cheerfully,
Do all bravely;
To listen to stars and birds,
To babes and sages with open heart.
To study hard—think quietly,
Act frankly—talk gently,
Await occasions,
Hurry never.
In a word,
To let the spiritual unbidden and unconscious
Grow up through the common—
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UNITY

VOLUME XLIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1899. NUMBER 6.

A Presbyterian missionary journal quotes a Moslem woman as saying to her friend, a Christian missionary: "There is but the thickness of an onion skin between you and us." The paper speaks of this as evidence that her mind is on the "road to liberation"—a safe inference. The publication of this note in such a journal, with such a comment, is an indication to us that our missionaries are on the "road to liberation of mind" also. The onion skin is not only thin, but transparent, and the separation between Christian and pagan enables the Christian to see the truth on the other side as well as enabling the pagan to see the truth on the Christian side.

The "Popular Science Monthly" announces as a discovery the fact that the chirping of the crickets is related to temperature; that the rise of temperature increases the frequency and pitch of the chirping. This may be a recent discovery in cricket life, but it is an old principle in human life. The chirping in human society is also much dependent upon temperature. It is easier to be good when well warmed and well fed. How important, then, in the name of morals, are the economic considerations of life. The social agitator is necessarily dealing with ethical forces and demands at our hands not simply patience, but sympathy and co-operation.

The Penny Savings Bank has been in operation in Chicago less than two years, but it has already one hundred and ten stations, and has received no less than twenty-seven thousand dollars on deposit, about eleven thousand of which is at the present time to the credit of the little depositors and the deposit is coming in at the rate of a thousand dollars per week. A large number of these stations are in connection with the public schools. One of the poorest schools, located in the region where the employes of the stock-yards live, deposited in one year eight hundred dollars, most of which money was drawn out again to meet the real needs of the children in the way of school books, shoes, etc. Doctor Andrews, the present superintendent of the public schools of Chicago, has given his unqualified support and coöperation to this most admirable movement, which, it is a pleasure to record, largely owes its organization in Chicago to our associate, R. A. White. This is a most forcible argument for the Postal Savings System, for which the American people anxiously wait. Let there be no time lost. There is no lesson more neglected than the lesson of thrift, and no principle more fundamental than that there is an economic law in the formation of character. Once more we say, give us the Postal Savings Bank.

As we go to press the annual Easter School, conducted under the management of the Kindergarten Association of Chicago, is in session. The school this year is devoting itself to psychology. The lecturers are Doctor G. Stanley Hall of Springfield, Mass., Honorable William T. Harris of Washington and Doctor Hugo Munsterburg of Harvard University, with Denton J. Snider of Chicago as director. Doctor Hall, in his opening lecture on "The Education of the World," gave perhaps a necessary shock to the sensibilities of the over-sentimental kindergartener and the over-anxious and over-careful new mother, when he plead the child's right to know pain, to learn the strain and pinch of life. He even had a good word for the bloody story, the teasing and even the fighting accompaniments of childhood. In maturity the child is not to live in a cushioned universe. Perhaps it is an unkindness to offer it in childhood an artificially cushioned section thereof. Emerson said long ago "life should be pithed with hardness" and "that that culture was defective that does not arm a man."

The "Union Signal" well says: "Bad beef gets abundant space, but the good news of abolished beer goes a-begging just when all good citizens need such encouragement as this victory affords to renewed and persistent efforts for the enactment and enforcement of just laws." In another column the story of this triumph is told and it is an interesting one, reaching through two years of persistent agitation. The war with Spain interrupted, but did not suppress or defeat the agitation. It is a significant and hopeful sign that its final triumph came from the efforts of North Dakota representatives in both the lower and higher houses. It is also interesting to note that the results of British military experiments were effective elements in the discussion. Now that the victory is won on the floors of Congress, the longer battle begins of enforcing the law. Its enforcement must proceed from the fundamental conviction that alcoholic liquors, including beer, are not essential to the soldier's health, strength or cheer, but that, on the contrary, alcoholic drinks of all grades, under all conditions, except in medicinal emergencies are a delusion and a snare. Physiologically and economically alcohol in all its various combinations, is, by a slowly growing consensus of the scientific world, taking its place along side of arsenic, calomel, morphine, quinine and other poisons which the medical profession are trying to use more or less successfully as remedies to certain abnormal or diseased conditions of the system. And they are efficient, if at all, in these connections, simply because they are disturbing elements, antagonistic forces, in short, poisonous in health and under normal conditions.

The following list of "Passages from the Bible Which Every Educated Person Ought to be Familiar With" has been prepared by W. L. Sheldon in connection with his work with the Ethical Society of St. Louis. The list is valuable in itself as a reminder to the would-be devotees of the deathless literary treasures that are imbedded in the Jewish scripture. How many college graduates could pass a favorable examination on these passages? The list is also interesting as a straw that indicates the tendencies of our times. Mr. Sheldon must needs be classed among the radicals. A comparatively small proportion of the Christian world would grant him the name "Christian," a name which he himself will not contend for. And still he is not only diligently at work, but successfully at work, in educating his people to an appreciation of the Bible treasures, and in furthering the study of these classics of the soul. We hope the list will provoke reading. Why is it not a good program for Unity Clubs, women's clubs and other mutual improvement societies to take and diligently work it for all it is worth?

SOME OF THE PASSAGES FROM THE BIBLE WHICH EVERY EDUCATED PERSON OUGHT TO BE FAMILIAR WITH.

The account of the Creation, story of the Garden of Eden, the Flood, Tower of Babel, Sodom and Gomorrah, the Patriarchs and the stories about "Joseph." Read the whole of the Book of Genesis as a classic—omitting the genealogies.

Giving of the Ten Commandments.—Exodus xix, 16; xx, 18.

Story of "Jephtha's Daughter."—Judges xi, 29-40. See also Byron's poem on the same subject.

The Book of Ruth. "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." Read the whole book

Parable of the "One Ewe Lamb" told by Nathan to David. II Samuel xii, 1-10. See chapter XI for the explanation.

Solomon's Prayer at the Dedication of the Temple. I Kings viii, 22-53. "The Heaven of Heavens Cannot Contain Thee."

The "Still Small Voice" to Elijah, and The Ascension of Elijah in the "Chariot of Fire."—I Kings xix, 9-14; II Kings ii, 1-14.

The "Nature Poetry" of the Bible.—Read chapters xxxviii and xxxix of Job. "Where Wast Thou When I Laid the Foundations of the Earth?"

The Twenty-third Psalm. "The Lord Is My Shepherd, I Shall Not Want."

The "Penitential Psalm." The fifty-first, "A Broken and a Contrite Heart."

The Psalm of Love. "Like as a Father Pitieth His Children."—Psalm ciii.

For a sample of the "Prophets" read the whole of the short book of "Zephaniah." "The Day of the Lord is Near."

The Millennium Pictures of the "Second" Isaiah. Read straight through Isaiah xl-lxvi. "Comfort Ye, Comfort Ye, My People."

The "Message" of Hebrew Prophecy. Read chapter V of Amos. "Hate the Evil and Love the Good."

The Sermon on the Mount. Matthew v, vi and vii. "Life Is More Than Meat." Read the whole of the Book of "Matthew."

St. Paul's Speech on Mars' Hill. "The Unknown God." Acts xvii, 22-31.

The Eulogy on "Charity," by St. Paul. "Now Abideth Faith, Hope, Charity—these three." I Corinthians xiii, 1-13.

Read the whole of the short Epistle of "James." "We Count Them Happy Which Endure."

The pictures of the "Holy City," the "New Jerusalem" in the Apocalypse. Revelations xxi and xxii; "and God Shall Wipe Away All Tears From Their Eyes."

W. L. SHELDON.

After Election.

Now that the strain is over, that the die is cast, once more life settles down to the old routine. What is the lesson of it all? In trying to answer this question for Chicago we will answer it for most of the cities and towns of our country.

1. The first reflection is, has there not been a fearful overstrain of anxiety and agitation? Why this tremendous pushing and pulling and high, strong appeal to principle and to the ethical judgment? What we said in these columns at the beginning of the campaign is justified at the close by the tacit admission of the most competent of all the parties. The three candidates for the mayoralty (and all the interest seems unfortunately centered on this one office, while as a matter of fact it is only one of several offices upon which the well-being of the city is dependent), were men of personal integrity. Their personal habits and individual records are above reproach. With one single exception all the papers of the city joined in their testimony to the purity of the personalities, and with this notorious exception there was little mud-flinging in the campaign. And what is more significant, these three candidates vied with each other in pledging themselves to the very same principles and reforms. All of them affected to be indifferent to national issues and promised to govern the city, not in the interest of a party, but of the whole people. All agreed in pledging themselves to the utmost to the principles of civil service reform and all pledged themselves more or less clearly to the principle of municipal ownership and control of the great natural monopolies of a city. And yet the campaign has been an intense one and the vote polled an immense one. The explanation is plain. Back of local issues and back of these personalities lay more or less consciously the tug of war of the great parties and the entanglements of partisan politics, with the campaigning of 1900 in mind. No one doubted the integrity of Zina Carter, but thousands inside and outside of the Republican party deplored the wretched affiliation and the unsavory backing of Yerkes, Tanner and Lorimer, with the subsidized indorsement of the "Inter Ocean," a paper owned and controlled by the Yerkes money, which money represents the most insolent anarchistic capital that is within the study of the public mind. It is the capital that two years ago bought the state legislature of Illinois and a few months ago tried to complete the unholy transaction by buying the common council of Chicago. The Illinois legislature has recovered from its debaucheries and reëstablished its self-respect by repealing with most suggestive unanimity the infamous Allen law, and veniality in the common council stopped short of its requisite majority; but still this money is at work in and through this one paper, that is the organ of unscrupulous capital. And this paper is the one that through the campaign was the loudest in its appeal to partisan patriotism and to the moralities that rest in glittering generalities.

Again Carter Harrison, as a man, challenged the admiration of most sincere voters, but his complicity with the wretched spoil system of the civil service, through the interference of and interest in the Democratic party, made thousands hesitate.

Even ex-Governor Altgeld, under the flag of independency and with the great progressive, rallying cry of "municipal ownership," which struck a prompt response in the hearts of every audience, falling from the mouth of whatever speaker, pledged himself at the

same time to the "Chicago platform," which was the platform of the "16 to 1," a proposition of immense significance in national politics, but no possible import in the administration of Chicago. From the above it will be seen that the first lesson after the election is that the campaign was sadly entangled, confused and demoralized by the problems of the national political parties.

2. The second reflection is what a tremendous investment of money, what sad waste of precious material! Without asking where the money came from, granting, for argument's sake, that it was all patriotic money given for love's sake by those who had plenty to give; what a tremendous extravagance. The miles of billboards papered with the handsome faces of Zina Carter and Carter Harrison, faces with which the people of Chicago would have become reasonably familiar without one cent invested in this mural lithography; and then came the tons of private circulars, charges and counter charges, defenses and explanations, which burdened the mail, the great percentage of which found its way directly into the waste baskets of the busy men of Chicago. Here the excess of printing amounted to poor generalship. There was so much of this postoffice mission work done that nobody tried to attend to it. Even if the American voter had not acquired a large distrust of the genuineness or validity of preëlection literature, it is very ephemoral. And next comes the band wagon and the big drum campaigning, all of which somebody has had to pay for, let alone the thousands of dollars spent for hall hire. The expense of one meeting in the Auditorium was probably not less than a thousand dollars, and each party had its round.

We remember Wendell Phillips' dictum that "the American people never become intelligent upon any subject until it is put upon the stump." We rejoice in the open discussion fostered by American politics and believe in the educative power of oratory, even of the ante-election kind. But it should be of the kind that the candidate of the poor can profit by as well as the candidate of the millionaire. In the city of Chicago all the better public school buildings have their admirable assembly halls. Why should these not be put at the service of the public in these campaigning times, subject to the good order which policemen can enforce, and the priority easily secured by the principle of rotation and of first application, thereby saving thousands of dollars to somebody, taking the campaign out of the nasty vicinity of saloons and beer halls, elevating and refining the discussions, which in such places would attract women as well as men, as they ought. "But it would soil and wear the schoolhouses!" you cry. Certainly, but what are schoolhouses for but to be used for the education of the public and in the interest of the public?

3. Another post-election reflection comes to us. How complex are election problems; how simple election orators make them. How confusing to the sensitive and enlightened conscience; how plain and dogmatic to the youthful partisan. How crude is the psychology, how primitive the ethics of the ante-election moralist who is so confused and confounded because all his friends, heroes and saints, do not propose to vote his way, and so insidious is election ethics that the same man is not equally disturbed in his philosophy when he finds so much rascality on his own side and so many depraved men hurrahing for his candidate. The plain post-election conclusion is that after the most intelligent mind had done its best it had to choose the lesser evil and strike a balance in the complicated problem, many of the elements in which were beyond his calculation and estimation. This is why good friends differed and honest men voted diversely at the last election. And he is the farthest away from the principles of democracy and is the least safe of all the voters, the most unpatriotic citizen, who presumes to pass an ethical verdict upon the intellectual conclusions of those who on election day differ from his own, simply the mind working as honest as his own, has seized upon another point of emphasis and grasped another group of facts out of the endless number of groupings possible.

4. The last reflection is based on the returns. Carter Harrison is reëlected by the tremendous majority of over forty thousand, which majority lifts him above any exclusive partisan support and puts him under obligation, not to democracy, but independency. It means that the people of Chicago, having found him true in one great issue, are willing to trust him again. The victory of Harrison in Chicago, like the victory of Samuel Jones of Toledo and the clean Democrat in Cleveland, as opposed to the odorous Republican, means that the business men are groping after a business administration, that the power of the saloon man in politics is waning and the power of the decent man is rising. Slowly the better element is awaking, not only to its responsibility, but to its power. There are plenty of decent people, even in our great cities, to give us decent administration if they only unite on the essentials, work for those things that are related to the well-being of Chicago. Let independency take heart and the independents find each other out that the work of political redemption may go on, and that "passing of the campaign liar," to borrow a phrase from the Chicago "Tribune," may become complete.

Rev. John M'Quoid of Omaha.

It is with a sense of personal bereavement and a feeling that one of the UNITY household has gone, that a pillar of the Liberal Congress has fallen, that we record the death of John M'Quoid, who in the fortieth year of his age, in the full prime of his splendid powers and in the great opportunity which a large pastorate, a loving city and an ever-widening acquaintance gave to him, laid down his life last week.

Mr. M'Quoid was a member of the local committee that had so much to do in making a success of the fifth meeting of the Liberal Congress held in Omaha last October. Pastor of the largest Methodist church in the city, he was a fearless and aggressive worker for the Congress. In June preceding the Congress he invited its president and secretary to occupy his desk and promulgate their announcement. In October again Doctor Thomas occupied his pulpit. By means

of correspondence with the general secretary, he opened the way for communication with many of the leading Methodists of the country in the interest of the Congress. Those who attended that meeting will remember his genial face and his cordial, outspoken word.

Mr. M'Quoid was a Scotchman. He left his native place of Ayr when twelve years of age and grew up on this side among the Quakers of Chester County, Pennsylvania, studied in the Pennsylvania University and was a graduate of the Drew Theological Seminary. He was a lover of books, and a local paper says: "In the pulpit he so acquitted himself as to draw to the house of God men hungry for an intellectual feast." The same article calls him "A helper of men." He "preached the gospel of love. He was not a scolder of men, but their ardent sympathizer. He did not condemn the weak or unfortunate, but helped them to overcome their weakness and triumph over their misfortune." Of the spirit and temper of the man no kindlier testimony was given than that by the pastor of the Unitarian Church, Rev. N. M. Mann, with whom he labored on the Congress committee. After his death Mr. Mann said, in an interview in one of the local papers:

"Soon after he came to the city I met him and was greatly impressed with the man. I loved him from the first. He was a kind, liberal and generous man; always cordial, ever cheerful, full of life, and it always did me good to meet him. He was a capital man to meet when blue or discouraged, and one always felt better after contact with him. He was a spreader of good cheer. I have seen him often, and he was always the same—kind, warm-hearted and intensely sympathetic. I look upon his going away as a great loss to Omaha, to his church and to the cause of religion. I loved him for his sweetness of temper and his nobleness of character."

In his own pulpit on Easter morning Mr. Mann paid a tender tribute to his friend, in which he mentioned several instances of his personal interest and unselfish action in deeds of good, known to Mr. Mann personally. One noticeable event characteristic of his independence and liberality for which the congregation of Unity Church was grateful was that of inviting Jenkin Lloyd-Jones of Chicago to occupy the pulpit of the First Methodist Church last summer when he was in Omaha, arranging for the Liberal Congress. At the time Unity Church was undergoing repairs, and the congregation of that church felt it a great courtesy extended to them by Dr. M'Quoid at the risk of censure by his own church in tendering the privilege of his own pulpit to a liberal thinker.

Mr. M'Quoid seemed the embodiment of health, but an acute disease fastened itself upon him. After a six weeks' absence in search of recovery, he returned to submit himself to the surgeon's knife, but before going to the hospital he insisted on entering his pulpit and preaching what proved to be his last sermon, which was upon "The Kingdom of God." He dwelt upon the fact that it was the inner virtue, a reality to grow from the within. Before passing to the hospital he took a last look at his books, saying, "How I love them. I wonder if I shall ever see them again?" Three hours before he passed on the news was brought to him of the birth of his third child, a little daughter, whom he never saw.

On behalf of the wider fellowship we join with the mourners of the Methodist Church and the city of Omaha in saying, "The world is better for his having lived," aye, more, because he has lived, the forces of love and liberality, of good-will and helpfulness generated by him still live; they cannot die. In the story of his life and death is again repeated the Easter marvel, the resurrection, that rising up of life to life more abundant.

Mr. Calthrop and the Philippines.

The Editor of UNITY:—I greatly dislike to be at variance upon any subject with my good friend Mr. Calthrop, but his interesting letter urges me to venture upon a few words of respectful criticism. I am neither a Quaker nor a Puritan. In fact, I have tried the very position upon which Mr. Calthrop stands and have felt its seductions.

The trouble with Mr. Calthrop's reasoning is that he proceeds as if all Americans were like himself. If the nation were composed of Calthrops and Lyman Abbots there would never have been any fighting at Manila. We should have made it clear to the natives that our sole wish was to befriend them.

The plain truth is that along with a mild, genuine wish to do good to the Filipinos and an honest intent not to shirk a supposed responsibility, there has been a prevalent desire to get something tangible for ourselves as a result of the war. Multitudes to whom the Philippine people are hardly more real than so many palm trees, imagine a chance to gain trade, to provide an outlet for our industries, to take a hand as a "superior" nation in the affairs of the East. It is this element of selfishness that constitutes the chief danger in our Philippine problem. The purchase of Spain's bad title to sovereignty over the Philippines was the expression of something more than our good-will; it told the world that we had an "eye for the main chance." It has naturally been so interpreted by Aguinaldo and his people. Hence, the horror of the present fighting.

The history of the world is a proof that military expansion always carries the greed of gain. The career of England gives no evidence to the contrary. The very cases that Mr. Calthrop cites go to show the pathetic anomaly of Christian statesmen trying to carry on a military empire. Why should they not commit blunders, since war, even under a Napoleon, is always characterized by colossal mistakes?

Grant that the Almighty "makes the wrath of man to praise him." Grant that militarism, like slavery, has played its part in harrowing the fields of the world. This is no excuse for men, once civilized enough to see the working of spiritual laws, to hark back to the methods of barbarism. Suppose that we had been truly a civilized people, with good-will toward all nations, who doubts that we should have found honorable means for securing every humanitarian end for which Mr. Salter justified the Spanish war? The reason why we have fought is because we are not a civilized people. Greed, ambition, excitement, the fever of aggrandizement and glory, entered into the war. All these dangerous elements are in the popular mind to-day. They naturally run in the channel of war and of empire by force. The sincere desire to do good to a distressed people does not belong with these alien elements. It demands other and quite different means.

The truth is that no nation has any right or is good enough to dispose by force of the affairs of outside people. We have learned this painfully by the experience of mankind. We long ago learned the truth of this law, as between individual men. It is the same law between nations. As slavery seemed plausible to Aristotle, so imperialism seems still plausible to the average Englishman. We are getting to-day a reënforcement of the teaching that slavery and forcible empire are of the same piece. No fine tincture of benevolence can make either of them safe for either the superior or the inferior party.

But what ought we to do who wish to stand for civilization? Let us sturdily preach the methods of civilization. Let us not think that we can carry the methods of barbarism and civilization at one and the same time. Let us put away the temptation that is in all our blood, to go over to the militarists once in a while and enjoy a fight. There are plenty of people to do that who have never been taught better, without our crowding over to that side of the boat.

As to our present duty at Manila, it is not necessary to say that Gen. Otis ought to give up the city, to be looted, and to sail away at once. What proof have we, however, that the islands would have suffered more under the sole care of Aguinaldo's government than they have suffered already? We have surely made a very bad beginning. Could Germany or Japan, of whose possible acquisition of the islands we are so strangely jealous, have done any worse in stirring the ill-will of the natives?

Meantime, the temptation with us is to be obstinate, to whip "the insurgents" first and to see what to do afterward. I hold that our first duty is to tell the natives the truth, viz., that we claim no right to any sovereignty over them, and that we will not take as much as a coaling station. When we assure them of this, fighting, I believe, will cease. If the people wish our help further, I for one am glad to give it. I cannot think that they will ask the loan of our army. I fear that they will wish no further sight of us in a hundred years. Have we not been told that the religion of the English rulers makes almost absolutely no headway among the Hindu people? Let us beware of a Christianity or civilization that rests upon big guns!

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Boston, Mass.

Good Friday.

A paper read at the Good Friday Memorial Meeting at All Souls Church, Chicago, by Mrs. Dean Bangs.

"Memorial services are held in honor of the dead and to the advantage of the living. Very often we fail to realize the actual worth, tenderness and self-sacrifice of even the dearest who walk by our side until they leave the high road of life and turn into the fields of peace."

—*Felix Adler.*

When the near and the dear are taken from our side in the journey of life, "as the cloud receives them out of our sight," then, and not till then, do we fully realize all they were to us and how often we failed in our appreciation of their tenderness, self-sacrifice and love, and the heart asserts its claim to honor and revere their memory and to make their influence deeper and more abiding. And to-night it is the transcendent and far-reaching influence of Jesus of Nazareth we would seek to make permanent and ineffaceable in our lives. The Christ who came and who comes yet is still the symbol of the "perfect law"—the law of right and love between man and man, and the still greater love of God for man. Those grand words of Paul are as true and applicable now as in his time, "For the law of the spirit of life in Christ hath made me free from the law of sin and death;" could we but see it so. And, Amiel (another saint), says we may hold aloof from churches, but we must bow before Christ. We may be suspicious of the clergy and the catechism, but love him we must. Jesus will always supply us with the best criticism of Christianity, and when that has passed away the religion of Jesus will survive. Eighteen hundred years and more, and still what a divine reality his life and death have been and still are to many a human soul. We forget the disputes and arguments of the learned doctors, then, as we do of the theologians now, whilst we walk with him on dewy mornings through fields of corn and hear the lesson of the Sabbath, and of the sparrow, not one of whom falleth to the ground without the Father. The lilies of far-off Galilee take on a sweeter meaning for us to-day through his love of their beauty. We see him taking to his arms the little children and henceforth motherhood and childhood have a diviner meaning.

We go with him to the synagogues, to the mountains, by the shores of the lakes, and the sea, and, like the disciples of old, we wonder at the lessons of wisdom and love. Eighteen hundred years, and still the weary hear the loving words, "Come unto me." The desolate and the forsaken remember the desert and the victory, the agony of Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives.

The mourner finds comfort at the bier of the widow's son, and by the bed of Jarius' daughter, in his compassion for their grief. Standing at the Well of Samaria are still the waiting souls asking for the water of life, of which if one drinketh he shall never thirst again; and the homeless ones of earth repeat again those words of unspeakable comfort, "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." While we know his life has been of supreme importance to the world, yet his death, too, is full of the deepest and loftiest lessons—that death so undeserved and so unjustifiable. All that was highest and deepest in the soul here met, "And by that unconquerable sense in him of an indissoluble union with God, kindled a fire that has revolutionized the world," and though humanly praying that "the cup might pass from him" to what heights that soul reached in the heroic submission to the inevitable and in the divine forgiveness of his enemies.

Other martyrs there have been, we know, of whom the world was not "worthy." Indeed, history shows us that in all ages "liberty, philanthropy and patriotism are the sacrifice of the noble few for the ignoble many."

But this death, or, rather, this fullness of life entering on the "life eternal," with its unspeakable pathos and triumph, with its transcendent lights and shadows, set the seal to that prophetic and ideal life.

"Knowest thou when death hath the sweetness of sleep? I will tell thee. It is when the martyr dies, knowing both God's hands are as a pillow under his head."

In this poor halting fashion, friends, I pay this loving tribute to the memory of my childhood's Jesus—to me the lover of little children, of the birds and the flowers, the mountains and the sea, the inspirer and examplar of my maturer age. And now, in life's late afternoon, when the shadows are lengthening, he is even more—"The way, the truth and the life."

And is it so far from that Friday to this—so very far from that high ideal to the "cloud of witnesses by which we are surrounded to-day?" Measured by time, yes; but by that which makes for the eternities, then and now are one. But ere we enter into this great fellowship we must climb our Calvary and bear our cross, and then in some transfigured moments we may hear the inward voice witnessing to that music which has floated across the centuries, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end."

Good Poetry.

Fealty.

The thing I count and hold as fealty,
The only fealty to give or take,
Doth never reckoning keep, and coldly make
Bond to itself with this or that to be
Content as wage; the wage unpaid, to free
Its hand from service, and its love forsake,
Its faith cast off, as one from dreams might wake
At morn, and smiling watch the vision flee.
Such fealty is treason in disguise.
Who trusts it, his death warrant sealed doth bear.
Love looks at it with angry, wondering eyes;
Love knows the face true fealty doth wear,
The pulse that beats unchanged by alien air,
Or hurts, or crimes, until the loved one dies.

—*Helen Jackson.* (*H. H.*)

England and America in 1782.

O, Thou, that sendest out the man
To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a Lion-line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine
Who wrenched their rights from thee!

What wonder, if in noble heat
Those men thine arms withstood,
Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught,
And in thy spirit with thee fought—
Who sprang from English blood!

But Thou rejoice with liberal joy,
Lift up thy rocky face,
And shatter, when the storms are black,
In many a streaming torrent back,
The seas that shock thy base!

Whatever harmonies of law
The growing world assume,
Thy work is thine—the single note
From that deep chord which Hampden smote
Will vibrate to the doom.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Indirection.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtile suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him,
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symboled is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

—*Richard Realf.*

Curiosities of Literature.

From EXOMOLOGESIS
A FAITHFULL
Narration
Of the occasion and motives of
the Conversion unto Catholique Unity.
OF
HUGH-PAVLIN DE CRESSY,
Lately Deane of Laghlin etc. in
Ireland, and Prebend of Windsore in England
Luc. cap. xxii. vers. 32.
Tu aliquando conversus confirmo
fratres.

PRINTED AT PARIS
Ann. Dom. 1647.

Chap. VIII.
A Reflection upon severall Sects,
And first upon the Socinians.

1. Now in pursuing this inquiry, it scarce entred into my thoughts to admit into debate, the Roman Church, because the maine foundation thereof, namely, infallibility, I berily believed I could, powerfully arm'd with Mr. Chillingworth's reason, evidently and demonstratively destroy.

2. Of sects in separation from the Catholique Church those which I thought most considerable, and therefore repraesented them to my understanding, to examine which of them would best approve it selfe to my choice, were 1. the Lutheran, 2. the Calvinist, 3. the Socinian. For as for those fanatical Sects of Anabaptists, Famulists, etc. they being onely confused troopes of ignorant dreaming spiritts, which hitherto have never beene able to convert one Parish or Village entirely to themselves, and the very dregg's of all other sects, where those that were discontented or craised in their understanding ordinarily setled; I could not obteine from my selfe the patience to examine seriously their grounds; or to putt it to the question whether I should adioyne my selfe unto them or no. Adde hereto that I could never meete with any of their writings, so obscure they are, and afrayd of the light.

3. Concerning the other three Sects, the temper and morality of the Socinians was much more agreeable to mee than that of the other two. But their inexcusable boldnesse of trampling under foote all authority of Fathers and Councells, and their licentious introducing blasphemous and long-since-buried Haeresies against the fundamentall Mysteries of Faith was to mee intollerable. Besides, neither France nor Italy being able to afford mee bookes of Socinian doctrines, I was forced to content my selfe with that curiosity which I had had a few yeares before in England (where such bookes were but too frequent, notwithstanding the care of the late Archbishop of Canterbury to hinder the importing them) at which time I read over almost all the considerable treatises of that Sect, both of controversy, and exposition of Scripture. The effect of which my curiosity was only an esteeme of the excellency of their naturall parts both for the subtilty, ingenuity and clearnesse of disputation, & an acknowledgement that they were farre more constant to their principles, and lesse incumbred with difficulties and contradictions than the other two; in a word, that the frame of their building was uniforme, not unhansome, and as strong as a building could bee that had no better foundation then the mooving sand of naturall reason: Whereas the other two Sects of Calvinists and Lutherans (to whome I had some jealousy that the English Protestats might be joyned) relying principally indeede upon private interpretation of Scripture, but challenging likewise the suffrages of the Ancient Fathers, especially in some doctrines of meere Tradition, as Baptising of Infants, &c. by reason of the inaequallity in the foundation, the building could not chuse but have many rents and declinations in the walls, some parts continuing stable, and others sinking by reason of the yielding of the Foundation: which difformities the Socinians avoyed. This was all the change that the reading of those Haerreticall blasphemies wrought in mee, none of their subtile wrettings, and Chymicall extractions of new sences from fundamentall Texts of Scripture praevailing against the constant uniuersall authority of Gods Church interpreting the same Texts.

4. I conceive it unnecessary, if not very inconvenient to sett downe here the exceptions I had against the severall peculiar doctrines proper to the Socinians, for feare least by undertaking to conjute I should endanger to distill the infectious poyson of them in a countrey, where, God be blessed, they are utterly unknowne: remembering how subtilly and maliciously the Schollars of Sibrandus Lubbertus in Holland are reported to have abused their unwary Mas-

ter: for they having an extreame itch of reading one of the substillest treatises of Socinus, which was forbidden to be dispersed, knew no better a meanes to satisfy their curiosity then by perswading their credulous Master that it was expected from his eminent abilities to confute so pernicious a booke; which he having, as hee thought sufficiently performed; they further told him that it would be injustice, and a kind of confession of guilt to publish his confutation without the adversaries Text, and by that meanes they made their Master a sower of Haeresy, for every one almost bought up the booke for Socinus his sake only, scarce any vouchsafing to cast their eyes upon the heavy unskillfull confutation.

5. Thus I made but a small stay upon the Socinians, upon whome I looked rather with pity then resentment: Considering withall that they were the almost only Sect which made profession against violence, and active disobedience, condemning warre absolutely and upon whatsoever praetences. Notwithstanding observing that one effentiall marke of that Sect was resolutely to hold no opinion, but in every synod to give leave to the questioning or altering of whatsoever Articles of Faith had beene before desired, who can tell whether if they encrease in numbers and power they may not thinke fitt to beginne with the alteration of that doctrine? For I have know'n when even the Calvinists being in low estate, have preached liberty of Prophecying, which being strong enough to gaine it by force, they never yet allowed to any other.

The Pulpit.

The Immortal Side of Life.

A Sermon by Dr. Hiram W. Thomas, Delivered in the People's Church, Easter Sunday, April 2, 1899.

But after I am raised up, I will go before you into Galilee.—Mat. 26:32

These are the words of Jesus, spoken to his disciples before his death. He had come, as all the children of earth must sometime come, to the last hours of life. He had lived the great life of a "selfless love"—a life for others and not for self. But like all great souls, he lived in advance of the times; he could not be understood; he had taught the deeper truths of the soul of God; of God as Father, all men as children and brothers; he had visions of the empire of souls, of the kingdom within, of a religion of love; of the justice of love. In the light of such truths he rebuked the rulers and teachers of a cold and formal religion and a corrupt social order. He was denounced as a disturber of the peace, a teacher of strange doctrines. He was a pronounced radical; what, in our day, are called Independents, Idealists, visionists, dreamers and in politics branded as socialists and sometimes as anarchists.

Like Socrates, and in later years Savonarola and other martyrs, this great soul calmly faced and accepted the issues of his life. He had stood at the great centers of the soul and God; had taught the eternal truths of the real. He could unsay nothing he had said. "He opened not his mouth; he was led as a lamb to the slaughter."

After the closing scenes of the last supper "they sang a hymn and went out to the Mount of Olives." The time of parting was near and Jesus told his disciples of the trials that were to come to them. Then they came to Gethsemane; the hour of earth's greatest tragedy had arrived; suffering love, the love of God to earth, came down; the sinless life must go to the great world-altar of suffering and death that a sinning world might be lifted up and won to a life of love.

With calmness, with courage and fortitude, with a great peace and hope, with prayers for those who knew not what they were doing, this Divine, this God-man, hung nailed to the cross, and at last, commending his soul to God, bowed his head in death.

Do we ask how and why he could thus calmly lay down his life? The answer is: He knew he could take it up again. He was not approaching an impassable wall, but entering an open door; he was going into the shadows of the valley that he might stand on the mountain tops of light beyond. To such a vision death was not the ending of a life, but the beginning and continuance of life in higher forms. Not a new life, but the life that had been carried forward. Not the commencement of a new work, but the continuity of that which he had been doing. Not going away from the world in which he had lived, but staying in that world.

"After I am raised up I will go before you into Galilee."

To this Divine vision of life, death was but an incident; that which he would be and do after dying was just as plain as the life before dying. After I am raised up I will go before you into Galilee. The first word he spoke after the last loud cry on the cross was to the weeping women who had come to the grave. It was not a word of complaint that he had suffered, nor of condemnation of those who had clamored for his conviction and crucifixion; not this, but "All hail;" Kairete; rejoice. Rejoice that I have been true to the truth given me to teach; rejoice that I have been true to love, true to life, true to man and God; rejoice that love has conquered, that life has triumphed. Rejoice that the pain of dying is past, that the greater joy of larger living has come.

"Go quickly and tell my disciples that they go into Galilee, and there I will meet them."

Thoughtful minds in all ages; those who have had much to do and must leave much not yet done, have made such provisions as they could in the last hours for the carrying forward of the work they would soon leave to others; they have provided for governments, appointed successors for thrones and disposed of property and money. Men ask others in their dying hour to take their places in the work of life.

Jesus said: "After I am raised up I will go before you into Galilee." This illumined soul stood, not on the mortal, but on the immortal, side of life. He saw life as continuous, progressive; as being ever raised up into higher forms, and hence could say to his disciples: After I am raised up I will go before you into Galilee. And after, on the death-side of life, he had died, and on the life-side had risen, he said to the Marys, "Rejoice, and go quickly and tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there I will meet them."

How strange all this may seem; making an engagement to meet the living of earth after one should die! And how triumphantly glorious to send word to the living: I have risen up from death; go to Galilee, the place of meeting agreed upon, and there you shall see me!

And yet, could we stand where Jesus stood, it would all seem natural and not miraculous in any unnatural sense; simply the higher natural. And could we stand in the long way of life and hear the voices it has been uttering at each step through the slow ages; life has always been saying: Go forward, and you shall see me; go forward, and I will meet you in some Galilee, some valley low or mountain high.

That has always been the voice of the life-side of life, and could we understand the voiceless silence of death, it is trying to say: I am the friend of life; I follow along to take off the old garments that life may put on the higher forms of a diviner beauty; death is trying to say by coffin and tomb: The loved ones you seek are not here; they have risen; go forward and you shall meet them on the immortal side of life.

Could we interpret the voices of nature, the simplest form of life, the uni-cellular that can increase only by the division of itself, is saying: Go forward and you shall find me endowed with the power of reproduction through sex relationships; you shall find me multiplying and reproducing myself a thousand, a million, fold; you shall find me growing in the grasses, the plants, the trees; you shall find me as fishes swim-

ming in the waters, as birds flying in the air, as animals roaming in the forests. Go forward, and you shall find me standing erect as man; you shall find me measuring the stars, founding governments and religions, rocking the cradles of new civilizations, fighting the battles of liberty; go forward, and you shall find me carving the marble, painting the canvas, writing the Iliad, singing the anthem; go forward, and you shall find me building the temples of justice and lifting up the altars of worship. Go forward, and you shall find me standing at the altars of marriage, caring for the children born out of the great life of love; you shall find me loving man and God; you shall find me running forward with hope that tells of the forever of the immortal side of life.

These are the voices, and this the onward and upward way of life, and how strange it is that we should be looking for life to reappear in the cast-off forms it has left behind. And how strange that our faith should depend upon the unverifiable fact of the supposed physical resurrection of the body of Jesus. The essential truth is that Jesus lived after he had died; that he made himself known to his disciples; the blessed triumphant truth, faith, is that the spiritual Christ lives now; lives in the sweet consciousness of the illumined minds and hearts of to-day; that the risen Christ lives in the great heart of humanity and is lifting our long-suffering world into the great life of the justice of love.

We think of the Christ as an individual, a person; and such he was and is; but we should think of this personality, not under the narrower limitations of such a thought, but in the larger sense of the universal—the all-inclusive. And this we do in a measure, even in reference to the great souls in the affairs of mankind. In our country we have come to think of Washington and Lincoln as embodying and expressing the national ideals of liberty and justice, and in this sense we have universalized those lives, idealized them, and as such they have taken their exalted places, not alone in our own country, but taken their places in world history and progress.

Across the ocean two other great souls have lately gone from the scenes of time, and their names, their lives, are universalized in that for which they stood in their day. Gladstone was large, many-sided; hence he stands for culture, learning, literature; he was religious; stands for reverence, worship; he was an Englishman; stood for England; but as a statesman he sought to exalt the national ideals of his country; he stood for the rights of man, for universal justice, for the rights of the oppressed in every land; when he saw his mistake in our war for the Union, sought to correct it. Gladstone stood for peace, not war, and when he died the world wept tears of sorrow. Gladstone honored England, honored a world; hence Gladstone belongs not to England alone; he belongs to humanity.

Bismarck was the man of iron will and nerves; he stood for Germany, united the northern states for the empire and Protestantism, but failed to unify the large German population of Austria and Switzerland. Bismarck stood for militarism and so increased the German army that the other countries of Europe had to enlarge their forces; was so severe in the exactions of money and territory from France as to embitter that nation. Bismarck stood for force; hence, in world history will stand more with Napoleon, Charlemagne and the Cæsars.

And now we see that there is such a thing as a world, a time-spirit of liberty, justice, peace; of brotherhood, of humanity, and a spirit of force, war, oppression, and that the leaders of these forces, powers, are exalted, idealized, by those who follow after in their lines of thinking and doing. And in this sense there is a time-immortality, a world-life that lives on; our past lives in the present. But, of course, as all wrong tends, must tend, to negate itself, to work its own undoing, the war spirit, the force power, cannot in any strict sense be universalized; it carries its own near and narrow limitations. But the spirit of righteousness, of justice, of liberty, of brotherhood and love, is in itself universal, eternal, all-inclusive; it is the spirit of God, the Holy Spirit. It is the immortal side of life; it is eternal life now in the great heart of humanity.

And now we should realize how the Christ lives and goes before, leading the divine life of a world. Is that life now personal, conscious? Yes; all reason, love, justice, is individualized in self-consciousness; but that consciousness may become universalized in the thoughts of millions and billions of beings. And so it is literally true that souls on earth may now "be risen with Christ;" may have their being; may "sit with Christ in heavenly places;" literally true that the mind of the Christ may be in man; that the Christ may be, and is, "in us, the hope of Glory."

Often in this world the way may seem dark; clouds and night may gather over the cause of truth, of liberty, of justice; the shepherd may be smitten and the sheep scattered, but the shepherd is not dead; the Christ lives and goes before to lead the way of ever-becoming life.

Go into Galilee and I will meet you there; not out of the world; not away from the need, the struggle, the suffering and sorrow of mankind, but in the world, in the battle and strife; out on the stormy seas, up in the mountains of temptation; where the sick suffer and the hungry cry for bread; at the graves where mourners weep; in the gardens where souls sweat drops of blood, and on the Calvaries where martyrs die, and there you will find the Christ.

Where would you find Washington? Leading the armies fighting for Cuba, for liberty, and not shooting down the poor Filipinos who were fighting for liberty before Washington led the bare-footed soldiers of the revolution that won American independence. Where would you find Lincoln? Not heading the great trusts that are crushing industrial freedom; not there, but weeping for the waning liberties of the land and the people he loved so well.

Where will you find the Christ? "The son of man;" too large to be Jew or Greek; the son of man, who is, and who stands for the highest principles and noblest ideals of humanity? You will find him wherever these ideals and principles are exalted and loved; wherever souls are seeking to make them real in the life and love of the true, the beautiful and the good. You will find the Christ now, as when he lived visibly among men, blessing the little children, feeding the hungry, healing the sick, comforting the sorrowing; you will find him in the mangers of poverty and the gardens of sorrow; you will find him, not with the select few in the palaces of luxury, but with the common people, with the multitude on whom he had compassion; you will find him "receiving sinners and eating with them," and not with the self-righteous, who think they are the only holy ones and that all others are unclean.

O, that we could see that the Christ is still incarnate in humanity; that he is the risen life, leading, going before, the very soul of every good cause that is helping mankind to the higher ideals; to the truth that makes free, to the justice of love, to the brotherhood, the peace of a world. Go where duty calls, go where work is to be done; go to the homes of gladness and to the abodes of sorrow; go where battles are to be fought and victories won, and the Christ will go before you and be with you.

It is winter yet, but soon the frozen streams will ripple and laugh, the birds will sing, the flowers bloom

and the million forms of life be all about us; they are near us now and await only the call of springtime to come forth. In our souls are the germs of all that is divine, waiting only the breath, the call of God, to come forth, and that call comes to you and to me today; the risen Christ is saying: Go into Galilee and there I will meet you. And, O, that on this resurrection day we could look across from the mortal to the immortal side of life to which the dear ones have risen and see them; not as they went away, weak, worn, wasted by disease and pale in death, but clothed in strength, radiant in health and beauty and rapturous in joys divine. They are near us now; heaven is not far away; only a thin veil, only a step between us and the unseen world, and many are the voices calling us to come and the hands outstretched to welcome us when our work is done. O, thank God, thank God, thank God for life, for life immortal, for hope eternal; thank God for love, the love of earth, the love of friends, of home and country; the love of a world, the love of the angles and heaven; ecstatic, boundless, limitless love; the love that is life, the love that is God; the deathless, changeless love of the long forever.

The Study Table.

It is wonderful what a difference there is in the sale of two books of about equal inherent value. It depends on the publisher and on the reviewer. A few publishers know how to put a book on the market so that its merits will be known; but most do not. Many do not care whether a book sells or not after they have been paid for publishing. The best plan for the author, if he cannot sell his manuscript outright, is to contract for a percentage of sales. What we particularly stand in need of is an authors' coöperative publishing company. But the reviewer also has much to do with getting a book honestly before the public. The business of a reviewer is not to pick out a few points in a book which are open to criticism, or which he may so conceive, but to weigh the general value of a book, and apprehend what class of readers will be benefited by it.

Walter A. Wyckoff startled the social world with a book portraying his experience as a tramp in the eastern states. He has now given us another volume, relating another experiment of a similar sort among the poor of the West. This volume is quite as full of information and revelation as the former. Many of the facts brought out are quite contrary to the common conception of the poverty problem. I am particularly interested to notice that he reports work always abundant in the open country, while the cities invariably present a congested labor market. The book does not need a long review, but it should be read by every man who pretends to have an interest in the great problems crowding upon American life and politics. Religion, also; that is, the religion which will live in the twentieth century, must be bottomed on a thorough knowledge of such facts as Mr. Wyckoff collects. He insists that after making a round of the more fashionable churches he never failed of a friendly greeting. This is contrary to the common opinion of the churches built by the wealthy classes for their own accommodation. The book is published by Charles Scribner's Sons of New York. It is more fascinating than a novel.

The "Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette," published in New York, furnishes about as much common sense concerning how to live rightly and how to keep well as any magazine I have ever seen. I can recommend it in strong terms. The article on "Hygiene of the Barber Shop" is worth the cost of a year's subscription, and a good deal more.

Of the "Literary Digest," I have said before, that it constitutes an invaluable history of current thought. I am bothered with innumerable letters of inquiry, nearly all of which the writers would find answered in the "Digest." It covers "Topics of the Day," "Letters and Art," "Science and Invention," "The Religious World," "Foreign Topics" and "Miscellaneous Topics." It constitutes a sort of graphaphone, from which we hear what is being said, on all sorts of questions, all over the world.

The "Political Science Quarterly" for March is very far above any recent number of this magazine. It contains two very sane articles on the present colonial question, by Prof. Burgess of Columbia and Prof. Freund. Such articles contribute real weight to the discussion and will help to form a healthy public opinion. A thoroughly admirable article on "England and Her Colonies" comes from the pen of John Davidson, professor in the university at New Brunswick.

I should like to place in the hands of every intelligent citizen a copy of "The Imperial Republic," by Prof. Fernald, published by Funk & Wagnalls Company. This is not a noisy or declamatory discussion of the question that now crowds upon us, but relies for its strength upon facts. It is a peculiarly valuable book for those who have allowed their sentiments of philanthropy to convince them that the United States was engaged in a barbarous war and a brutal effort to subjugate free peoples. From end to end the little volume is packed with information. It cannot but do a vast amount of good wherever it is read. I should particularly like to see it in the hands of our school boys and girls.

Ginn & Co. of Boston place on the Table two of those charmingly wholesome books which they are so fond of publishing. One of these is entitled "Heroes of the West" and is from the hand of Mary Hartwell Catherwood. The other is "Colonial Life in New Hampshire," by Prof. Fassett. This book is one more of those fortunately just now popular books, to recall and illustrate the methods of life with our fathers before the Revolution. This volume illustrates, also, American life down well into this century. It is every way a delightful book for home reading.

The notable lectures of Prof. Wm. James on "Human Immortality" have been published in a small volume by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. I will enter into no discussion of this volume, because I take it nearly every reader of UNITY understands the thorough value of the work done by Prof. James, and I presume them to be peculiarly interested in the subject of immortality. However, I would say that I do not believe the book should be read without taking as a companion volume that remarkable little book by Dr. Stockwell, entitled "The Evolution of Immortality." The two last chapters in my own volume, "Our Heredity From God," also give a summary of our present position from the standpoint that there is an intellectual and moral meaning. I shall always be glad to have those chapters read, and may republish them separately.

The "New World" for March gives us a superb article by Charles F. Dole on "The Reconstituted Church." It should be thoroughly read and digested. The leading article, on the "Study of Church History,"

is a strong one. The "Book Reviews" are always excellent in the "New World." This is more than can be said of any other magazine, that I know of, published in America.

"Education" for March has a brief article on "International Sympathy," which is of vital importance. We are rapidly passing into an era of internationalism, not only in the state and in the church, but in our educational development. The demand in the latter department is now supreme.

The "Philanthropist," published by the American Purity Alliance, lies on the Table. It is edited by Aaron M. Powell, the famous lecturer and abolitionist, who has lived through two generations and seems good for a third.

The "Christian Register" gives us, in March 16 issue, one of those exceptionally good things that even good newspapers can rarely bring to birth. I refer to an editorial, entitled "A New Day." It is profoundly true and as profoundly beautiful. It sounds like Tiffany.

I am inclined to think that the grandest old man of the present day is our friend, Edward Everett Hale. And yet there is not one note of old age in anything he writes or speaks. We find his hard strokes for righteousness in every direction. At present he is lending a hand with all his might to the Czar of Russia. Mr. Hale believes that we shall be able, in due time, to reach a Supreme Tribunal of Justice for all Christendom, just as now we have a Supreme Permanent Tribunal, which maintains peace between forty-five sovereign states, jealous of their own rights, and in some sense rivals, as in other respects they are brothers. We miss in this strong, hearty work of Dr Hale all of that sentimentality which at present is marring so much of the peace mission and aspiration, which finds expression in America. Sometimes it seems as if we were likely to be overwhelmed with the superpathetic that weeps over all classes and all hardships and begets no manhood but blubbering; that fails wholly to work with any other phase of God but Jesus. We may overdo Christianity. Did it ever occur to you how fortunate we have been in not inheriting the New Testament unaccompanied by the old? In the Old Testament we find God as the avenger of wrongs, the counterpart of that nature which ruthlessly sweeps away the lower for a higher in evolution. We are by no means yet through with the Old Testament lessons.

The "Literary Digest" gives us a poem which is now making a remarkable stir and commanding the widest attention. It is entitled, "The Man with the Hoe." It is another sample of that whining dissatisfaction with the way this world is got up and run by the Almighty. For one, I have no patience with these sentimental altruists, who think the world ought to have nothing in it but sugarplums. Hamlin Garland's novels are a nuisance, because they give us false conceptions of the great struggle for life and progress. Let no man teach the boy who finds his road a hard one that he should therefore get out of it for an easier one instead of conquering where he is. I have the same dislike for Howell's "Altruria," and for that socialism which stands at every street corner crying over old women, who carry heavy baskets of clothes, but never offers to carry the basket for them. It is a maudlin egotism, and we are greatly in danger of mistaking it for the correct philosophy of manhood. The poem to which we refer strikes squarely in the face of evolution, and, for the sake of working upon our sympathies, misstates the whole philosophy of life. Let us keep ourselves healthy with God.

With all our reading we ought not to omit regular examination of the financial reports, which tell us the real conditions of American life, and the world's tendencies, and point out to us which way we are drifting. No man can understand politics who does not comprehend the relations which political action bears to our industries. The glory of the present hour is that in every direction there is industrial health. At the same time wealth is much more evenly distributed than it was five years ago, capitalism is far weaker in proportion, trampism is decreasing and agriculture is once more resuming its position as balanced with manufactures and commerce. Every intelligent citizen should study these questions and study them carefully. When advanced civilization is sick industrially the whole world suffers. And let it never be forgotten that capitalistic selfishness always has its best chance when, for political or other reasons, our financial condition is distressed. I would put on the table every week Bradstreet's reports of the condition of the country.

I wish to call special attention to a few books already noted on the Study Table. It is my conviction that a good deal the most important book in the way of permanent literature that has reached us for the last three months is Trevelyan's "History of the American Revolution." Nothing has appeared for the past year or two which fairly competes with this book in the way of style. Every page recalls the brilliancy of Macaulay, without his diffuseness and rhetoric. From first to last every line is just, and rises above the spirit of national partisanship. It is just full enough, touching that exact mean between diffusiveness and conciseness which makes true history. The author has not gone either to the extreme of those who conceive history to be an account of politics solely, or to the other extreme with those who urge that history is the story of the people—and thus run history into gossip. I should be glad to quote whole pages of this book. It is delightful reading, even after we have been students of Bancroft and all of the rest of the authors who cover the same field on this side of the water. As an illustration of his masterly English: "The inventory of the effects owned by the great-great grandfather of John Adams, showed that there had been a silver spoon in the family four generations back. But Franklin ate his breakfast with pewter, out of earthenware, until when he was already a mature householder, his wife bought him a china bowl and a silver spoon, on the ground that her husband deserved to live as handsomely as any of his neighbors. If he inherited no plate he derived a more valuable legacy from his ancestors, who in their history and their qualities were worthy forerunners of the most typical American that ever lived. England in the seventeenth century, gave, or rather thrust upon, the New World much of what was staunch and true, and also much that was quick-witted and enterprising in her population." The book is presented to us in admirable style and well furnished with maps, by the firm of Longmans, Green & Co. of New York.

I add a note to my previous notice of another book, entitled "Home Life in Colonial Days," simply because it is a model in contents and style. It is admirably worked out and written in fascinating style. It gives, in my judgment, the very best of the many pictures of the manners, customs and industries of our fathers, that has yet been put in print. It is published by the Macmillan Company of New York.

E. P. POWELL.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Order, justice, love, mean man's completeness,—
Mean effect as sure as roundness in the dewdrop.
MON.—A woman's rank
Lies in the fullness of her womanhood;
Therein alone she is royal.
TUES.—I take it much to heart
That other people are worse off than I,—
I ease my soul with praying for them all.
WED.—The nightingales pour forth sad songs,
And when they reach men's ears they make men's hearts
Feel the more kindly.
THURS.—Rank for her meant Duty, various
Yet equal in its worth, done worthily.
FRI.—* * * Have you thought
How will you bear the poise of eminence
With dread of sliding?
SAT.—Life on earth is being shaped to glorious ends.

—*Poems of George Eliot.*

Garner the Beautiful.

Garner the beautiful as you go;
Wait not for a time of leisure,
The hours of toil may be long and slow,
And the moments few of pleasure.
But beauty strays by the common ways,
And calls to the dullest being;
Then let not thine ear be deaf to hear,
Or thine eye be slow in seeing.

Kind nature calls from her varied halls,
"I will give you balm for sadness;"
Let the sunset's gleam and the laugh of the stream
Awaken thoughts of gladness.
If a bird should pour his song by the door,
Let thy heart respond with singing;
The wind and the trees have harmonies
That may set thy joy-bells ringing.

Pause oft by a flower in its leafy bower,
And feast thine eye on its beauty;
A queen hath bliss no rarer than this,
'Tis thy privilege and duty.
And oh, when the shout of a child rings out,
And its face is bright with gladness,
Let it kindle the shine of joy in thine,
And banish care and sadness!

Then gather the beautiful by your way,
It was made for the soul's adorning;
'Tis a darksome path which no radiance hath
At noon, at eve, in the morning.
Hard is the soil where we delve and toil
In the homely field of duty;
But the hand of our King to us doth fling
The shining flowers of beauty.

—*Anna R. Henderson, in Woman's Home Companion.*

Neddie and Me.

Four years ago James, a little orphan boy, joined a Mission Sunday-school.

One day, seeing the other children carry in their money for the support of missionaries in foreign countries, he felt a desire to do something for the heathen children himself.

For several days he tried in vain to think of some plan to "get money for Jesus."

At last "a very nice thought," as he called it, came into his mind.

James got his living by carrying round fruit and vegetables for sale in a little donkey cart.

He said to himself, "I will save the profit of one day in each week and give it to the heathen."

From that time the boy put by the profits of the day fixed on in a little brown bag.

At the end of the year he carried it to the school.

Placing it on the table, he said, "I give that for the missionaries, sir."

The teacher found $30 in that little brown bag.

"Stop," said he, as James turned to go away. "Tell me how you can afford to give so much money!"

James told his simple story, and closed by saying, "Please take the money, sir. I must make haste, for it is late and Neddie and me get up before it is light in the morning."

"Tell me your name," said the teacher, "and I will put it down in the list of my juvenile collectors."

"No, sir," replied James, with beautiful truthfulness, "it would not be fair; I do only one-half and Neddie gives labor; so one name must not go into the book unless both do."

"Who is Neddie?" inquired the teacher.

"My donkey, sir!"

"Well," said the teacher, smiling, "I shall put down 'Neddie and me.' Good-night, my boy; may God bless you and what you have given."—*From an Old Scrapbook.*

A Good Lesson.

The "Cleveland Leader" gives this story from General Shafter:

"Once when I was a boy at school—I wasn't more than ten or eleven years old at the time—our teacher called up the class in mental arithmetic and began putting the questions, beginning with the pupil at the head of the row and going down toward the foot, until someone would give the correct answer. I stood somewhere near the middle and next below me was a boy who was three years older and considerably ahead of me in the various studies that we had.

"'How much are 13 and 9 and 8?' the teacher asked.

"While one after the other of the boys and girls ahead of me guessed and failed to get it right, I figured out what I thought the answer ought to be. The question had almost got to me when I heard the big boy just below me whispering, apparently to himself, but loud enough for me to hear, 'twenty-nine, twenty-nine, twenty-nine.'

"Finally the pupil above me failed to answer correctly, and then it was my turn.

"'Well, Willie,' said the teacher, 'let's see if you know the answer. Come, now, be prompt.'

"I cocked my head up proudly on one side, cast a triumphant look at those who had fallen down on the problem, and said so that everybody in the schoolroom could hear me:

"'Twenty-nine!'

"'Next, how many are 13 and 9 and 8?'

"'Aw!' said the big boy below me, with a look of supreme contempt at the rest of us, 'thirty!'

"That was what I had figured it out to be myself, and when the teacher said 'correct,' I wanted to fight.

"I didn't assault him, but I made up my mind right there and then to depend on my own judgment in the future, and ever since then when I have had anything to do and had figured out what I considered the best way to do it, I have gone ahead, remembering, when people criticised or tried to throw me off the track, how that big boy made a fool of me in the mental arithmetic class."

Song of Hope.

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of to-morrow,
What are you weaving,
Labor and sorrow?
Look at your fabric,
Seamy and dark,
Lighten the labor
And sweeten the sorrow.
Life's in the loom.
Room for it!
Room!

—*Selected.*

UNITY

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Cincinnati, Unity Church.—"Jesus in art," 30 stereopticon pictures from the masters, ancient and modern, accompanied by illustrative songs, instrumental music and readings from the gospels, was the occasion of a special evening service in the First Congregational Church, as a Unitarian interpretation of the Lenten season. On the 24th of March.

Mr. Thayer announced four sermons upon the story of Christianity in some leaders of men, to be given after Easter. The titles are: (1) Its Pagan Forerunners, Socrates and the Stoics; (2) Some Heroes and Martyrs of Religious Freedom, like Huss, Wyklif and Savonarola; (3) Its Drill Masters: Hildebrand, Calvin, Loyola and others; (4) Its Poetic Creed Makers, Dante, Milton and later singers.

New Salem, Mass.—The Congregational Society (Unitarian) held its annual meeting March 15th. Twenty-five new members have been added during the year. C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, have just issued two books of poems by the minister, Rev. Perry Marshall. One is a 25-cent book, entitled "The Love of Money;" giving the philosophy of money as expounded by Wendell Phillips. The other is a dollar volume of poems of life and nature. It treats the Hebrew myths as Oelewsehlager treated those of Scandinavia.

Chicago.—The Harvard Club of Englewood turned aside from the din and fever of political campaignings last Sunday night, to listen to the more quiet and persistent claims represented by the Associated Charity organization of Chicago. Rev. R. A. White presided. Superintendent Andrews and Jenkin Lloyd Jones were the speakers and Professor O. T. Bright, superintendent of schools for Cook County, in the capacity of officer of the District Association, had much to do with the success of the meeting. The Englewood center is greatly favored in having for its superintendent, Charles R. Weller, a young man who passed from his studies at Ann Arbor into this more interesting laboratory study of sociology. To him and his associates belong the credit of having successfully inaugurated in Chicago the potato patch philanthropy, made famous by Governor Pingree at Detroit. Last year forty acres of land were divided into one hundred and sixty lots, and rented at the rate of seventy-five cents a piece for the season. One hundred and fifty-eight lots were thus occupied and made to contribute to families of six and a half individuals, or an aggregate of forty thousand people were permitted to enjoy the luxuries of a garden which were great in their physical estimate, but more important in their sociological and ethical significance. * * * * All Souls Church.—With each return of the Easter season the special celebrations of this church become more tender and beautiful as they are better understood. The Good Friday memorial meeting was more largely attended than ever before. The lay contribution in the way of a memorial word by Mrs. Dean Bangs is published in another column of this paper. A large audience joined in the home festival on Easter Day. A confirmation class of eight, reinforced by five post-graduates, was presented. There was christening of babes and the right hand of welcome extended to eight new members. During Easter week the sixteenth annual of the church was handed to its members. This annual sets forth the work done in 1898, and the plans in process for 1899. Different reports are presented of work done in the year gone by. The chairman of the board of trustees' report indicates a grand total of $9,469.47 raised for all activities. Less than one-half of this amount was expended for salaries. The remainder went to the missionary, educational and charitable work of the church. The usual Easter card was this year inclosed in envelopes which has brought back a larger sum than has been received for many years in the way of Easter offerings, which will go directly to help the work of the various sections of church activities.

Davenport, Iowa.—The First Unitarian Church, Easter Sunday, Rev. A. M. Judy delivered a remarkably fine and strong sermon on "Immortality," listened to by a large and interested congregation. The floral decorations were very beautiful, and the music especially grand, rendered by a chorus of the young people, in addition to the choir. A plan to reach the mothers of many of the Sunday-school pupils has been organized. Many of these mothers are prevented, by home duties, from attending church services, so a series of afternoons have been inaugurated, coffee, cake and flowers and good feeling, soon engender a social atmosphere. Two meetings have been successfully held, the second one bringing out nearly one hundred who had never before been in the building. Within a month the parish building has had forty-two meetings for various purposes.

Jackson, Mich.—The Sunday-school at the Unitarian Church at this place has increased fifty per cent. during the last year, and the society is prospering all round as might be expected under such a single-minded and comprehensive ministry as that of Fred V. Hawley. At a recent meeting of the Unitarian Club of this city, "What social classes owe each other" was discussed, and the opening address by Hon. G. W. Barker is published in pamphlet form. Meetings of this club are held on alternate Sunday evenings.

Women's Armenian Relief Fund.

March 21, 1899.

To the Editor of THE NEW UNITY:

Dear Sir:—May I ask you to find space with your usual kindness in the columns of your newspaper for the following short letter from Dr. Raynolds, as the position of the people in the large Vilayet of Van are truly appalling, and help is more urgently needed than any of us have hitherto realized.

Sincerely yours,

MADELINE COLE.

STARVING ARMENIANS.

Women's Special Armenian Distress Fund.

Van, February 20, 1899.

Dear Mrs. Cole:—We have now emptied our storehouse of cloth, but have not yet had time to make out the accounts of how much or where it has gone, for we are just overwhelmed with work. The situation in the Vilayet has become most serious, and I sent a telegram on Saturday to Constantinople, which I hope will be communicated to England, that probably 12,000 people in the Vilayet have already exhausted their supplies of food and are living only on linseed bran, etc., while deaths from hunger are already being reported from all sides. We did not realize this condition of affairs until our examiners came in last Friday, and we make it known at once. In the city we have, I hope, enough to keep off actual famine, and I have ventured to add £50 each to the donations the Armenians are sending out to two districts, but do not think I can venture to go further in that direction until more comes in. The price of wheat here has already gone up to 70ps the chop, instead of the normal 30 to 35 or the 40 to 50 which has been prevailing here this year. I am venturing to direct our friends in Bitlis to purchase up to 1,000 chops, in the hope that funds will come to pay for it, but if not it can be sold again.

The 12,000 mentioned above will doubtless be doubled before spring opens, and there is practically nothing for seed, so that you will see there is likely to be a very large loss of life before next fall, even if the situation should then improve, unless extensive assistance is sent us. The situation is much more serious than it has been during the last three years. Perhaps you will blame us that we did not let the conditions be known earlier, but it was impossible to form much of an idea of what the people really had in store or of how extensive the supply would prove. We have tried to do the best thing possible, but if we could have known beforehand all we know now, it would have been worth everything to the people.

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) G. C. RAYNOLDS.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Mrs. Cole (Hon. Treasurer), 1 Trebovir Road, S. W., or by Francis Buxton, Esq., 50 Cornhill, E. C.

Correspondence.

A Belated Critic.

To the Editor:

The suscriber who wrote to UNITY that he had been trying to find out what that journal was trying to teach, evidently was of that class referred to by that distinguished scholar, Max Müller, who said: "He that knows but one religion knows none. The late Prof. Drummond alluded to the belated theologians in one of his addresses and quoted the declaration of an eminent writer to the effect that the conception of the average scientific man of Diety is far greater than that of the average Christian." It was the distinguished pulpit orator, Frederick W. Robertson, A. M., who said: "What saves a man—his character, or that of another?" That eminent scholar also wrote: "If God is love, why do we need a mediator?" The declaration of that Judean seer still holds good: "If ye seek me, ye shall find me, if ye search for me with your whole heart." As to whether the belated critic will be saved it is not known to mortals, but on the assumption that animals are immortal it is quite possible that even those who strive to put their sins on another may have an abiding place in that better clime. The Oriental legend relates that after immeasurable efforts and self-purification, Buddha was entitled to enter Heaven, but he put his merited reward aside and resolved to remain without to strive to educate and reform every child of earth that they could enter heaven before himself. Paul's judgment of himself and his declarations does not compare favorably with the self-sacrificing "Pagan." Both, no doubt, "fought the good fight," but one "Pagan" was of a far higher type—a nobler son of the Eternal.

QUAKER.

Books Received.

Benj. R. Tucker, Publisher, New York: "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." By C. 3. 3.

Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston and New York: "Papias And His Contemporaries." A Study of Religious Thought in the Second Century. By Edward H. Hall.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, New York and Boston: "Contemporary French Novelists." By René Domnic. Translated by Mary D. Frost. $2.00.

The Macmillan Company, New York: "The Theory of the Leisure Class." An Economic Study in the Evolution of Institutions. By Thorstein Veblen. $2.00.

Funk & Wagnall's Company, New York and London: "The Origin of Sin and Its Relations to God and the Universe." By Rev. E. W. Cook, A. M. $1.50.

No Sect in Heaven.

Talking of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream
By the side of a darkly flowing stream;

And a "Churchman" down to the river came,
When I heard a strange voice call his name;
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there
I shall want my Book of Common Prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eye on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy and held him back;
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide,
And no one asked, in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to "The Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed;
His dress of a sober hue was made.
"My coat and hat must be all of gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly waded in;
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that,
And then, as he gazed to the farther shore,
His coat slipped off and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing away—away;
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of psalms,
Tied nicely up, in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven, "all 'round," might sing.

But I thought he heaved an anxious sigh
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised as, one by one,
The psalms and hymns in the waves went down.

After him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do,
The water has soaked them through and through?"

And there on the river far and wide
Away they went down the swollen tide,
While the saint astonished passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then, gravely walking, two saints by name
Down to the stream together came;
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow"—
"But I have been dipped as you'll see me now.

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you.
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left,—his friend at the right,—
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian Church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road they could never agree,
The old or the new way, which it could be,
Nor ever for a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd;
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new,
That is the false and this is the true."

Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new,
That is the false and this is the true."
But the brethren only seemed to speak—
Modest the sisters walked, and meek.

And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on her way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then—
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men;'
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
'Oh! let the women keep silence, all?'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet.

And would talk on till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side—
Side by side, for the way was one;
The toilsome journey of life was done.
And all who in Christ the Savior died,
Came out alike on the other side—
No forms or crosses or books had they;
No gowns of silk or suits of gray;
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

Selected.

- - - NOW READY - - -

SERMONS FROM SHAKESPEARE

By WILLIAM DAY SIMONDS.

CONTENTS:

Introductory Address.—The Pulpit and Higher Literature.
Noble Brutus.—Faithful Cordelia.—Faultless Desdemona.
Destiny-Driven Hamlet.—Lady Macbeth.

EXTRACTS FROM THE INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS:

Four centuries ago Europe, awakened from the long sleep of the dark ages, came into possession of one great book—the Hebrew Bible. This book was library alike to peasant and prince. The multitude knew not that other ancient writings existed, and fondly called their new found treasure *The Book*. Naturally men sought to conform all thought and life to Bible teachings and standards. They endeavored to base science upon scripture, rejecting all truth not revealed in the word of God. The attempt failed, for science knows never a master. Zealous and stalwart believers attempted to conform Government to the Mosaic pattern. This was the dream of Puritanism. But the Puritan failed. The vast tides of human progress swept past Moses and the prophets. The teacher could not content himself with one text book. The statesman found human experience a better guide than ancient documents. The scholar discovered to an eager generation the mind of Plato, the wisdom of Socrates, the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero, the poetry of Homer and Virgil, and so dawned upon the world the glory and beauty of the renaissance. * * *

The minister may deal with higher literature after one of three methods. He may ignore it altogether, and confine preaching to an exposition of the religious experience and expression of the old time Jew. This is the only consistent course for the devout believer in traditional theology, and commands the respect due an honest faith, however ignorant Or the minister may derive in fact the chief part of moral and religious instruction from modern letters and science, but always beginning with a low bow to the popular idol. * * *

This is the dear old method of expediency; all who love progress served as angels' food cling to this method. It secures the widest and sweetest admiration of men with the least salt of criticism.

But there is a third method. To embark freely upon the ocean of truth, to listen to every word of God-like genius as to a whisper of the Holy Ghost; a method based upon the conviction that beauty, truth and love are always divine, and that the real Bible, whose inspiration can never be questioned, comprises all noble and true words spoken and written by man in all the ages. * * *

THE CRITICAL COMMENTS

Contained in this Volume are alone worth many times its Price, as it contains, besides the Sermons,

The Most Convenient Compendium of Scholarly Thought upon these Greatest Characters in Shakespeare yet published for the Student and Teacher.

These will prove of greatest value to all students who have not access to expensive editions of Shakespeare or to large libraries upon the subject. Among the authors cited are Goethe, Victor Hugo, Heine, J. R. Lowell, Lamartine, Dowden, Macauly, Franx Horn, Swinburne, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Herder, Schlegel, Gervinus, Taine, Ulrici, and Mrs. Jameson.

This book possesses the merit of entire frankness. It is just what it appears to be, a volume of sermons—not literary lectures. The preacher is, therefore, of necessity in evidence, and the audience is always in mind. Its aim is obvious. As devotees at other shrines find sweetness and light, so would we seek in Shakespeare the soul of virtue.

Little space has been given to purely literary or critical matter, and the carefully selected "Comments" preceding each sermon will serve to show that while the author is independent in judgment he is not without good company in the interpretations upon which the sermons are based. The "Comments" also illustrate most strikingly how wise men differ in the domain of Shakespearian criticism. At the same time they add much to the value and interest of the book.

The work is printed on toned paper, bound in fine silk cloth, with gold side stamp. Price, $1.00, delivered prepaid to all points in the United States, by mail or express. Address

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers,

185 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Humanly speaking, civilizations, dynasties, governments have gone down into the sea of oblivion. The only wreckage that has come to shore is the battered names of the great captains.—*Jenkin Lloyd Jones.*

True Stories of Renowned Men and Women

YOUNG PEOPLE OF AMERICA,

By EVELYN H. WALKER.

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PUBLISHERS' INTRODUCTION.

Says Emerson in his essay on "The Uses of Great Men," "It is natural to believe in Great Men. If the companions of our childhood should turn out to be heroes, and their condition royal, it would not surprise us. The search after the great man is the dream of youth and the most serious occupation of manhood." This explains the fascination of biographical reading. For the majority of people, young and old, there is no book more fascinating than a well-written biography of a worthy man or woman. Few books have lived longer or made a more lasting impression than "Plutarch's Lives." And, since all history is made by its heroes it follows that to know biography is to become acquainted with history. There is no better way of becoming acquainted with American history than by reading the lives of a few great Americans. The Life of Washington, as told in this volume, touches upon the most important points in the war of the Revolution, while the lives of Lincoln, Grant and Lee recount the deeds and reflect the spirit of the Civil War. In the same way the lives of Queen Victoria and Mr. Gladstone, as told in this book, present a clear account of the last sixty years of English History.

Yet, notwithstanding the interest and importance of this line of reading, a really good biography, brief enough for the use of young people with limited time for reading, simple and direct, is difficult to find. We believe that in this volume of twenty-three sketches written by one who has been for some years a teacher in the public schools of Chicago, we are offering a work of real merit, which is not less accurate and reliable because written in an easy, familiar style, with an undertone of courage, good cheer and mirthfulness which ought to make it attractive to the youngest readers. We trust they will not be willing to lay the book down with one reading, but will be moved to return to it again and again until they have made its contents their own and its heroes and heroines their life-long friends.

CONTENTS.

George Washington, the Father of his Country; Ulysses S. Grant, the Man of Silence; Abraham Lincoln, the Rail-Splitter of Illinois; Victoria, Queen of England; Henry W. Longfellow, the Poet of the Common People; Henry M. Stanley, the African Explorer; Rosa Bonheur, the Painter of Animals; Patrick Henry, the Demosthenes of America; Benjamin Franklin, Statesman, Scientist, Philosopher; Elizabeth Barrett Browning, England's Greatest Woman Poet; Joan of Arc, the Deliverer of France; Thomas Alva Edison, the Wizard of Menlo Park; William Ewart Gladstone, the Grand Old Man of England; Fridtjof Nansen, Explorer of the Farthest North; Clara Barton, the Angel of the Battlefield; Dwight L. Moody, the Evangelist; John Wanamaker, the Successful Man of Business; Robert E. Lee, the Hero of the South; Susan B. Anthony, a Champion of Woman; Frances Willard, the Apostle of Temperance; Galileo, the Student of Nature; Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, the Great Musician; Florence Nightingale, the Sacrificing Sister.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

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LETTERS AND REVIEWS.

Mr. Clement Warren, Brooklyn, New York City.

I have just completed for the seventh time a reading of your cogent work entitled "The Safe Side." Every time that I have read the work I have realized its excellence more and more. On each occasion new features have developed. Each page furnishes food for thought, and each chapter (or less) provides a mental meal which absolutely needs digestion and deep reflection before proceeding further. It is a work replete with facts clearly stated and irresistibly put. They may be ignored but cannot be refuted. The information I have gained from reading "The Safe Side" equals the sum total of all that I was possessed of previous to my first reading of it. It throws a flood of light on the subject which only the wilfully blind can ignore, and as a compendium of tersely put truths, is one of the best I have ever read on any subject.

From Prof. O. B. Frothingham, Boston.

The book has been received and perused. Allow me to thank you for sending it to me as one capable of judging its argument. I find it original and able. Its frankness, outspokenness, boldness, interest me greatly. It goes to the roots of the matter. It has long been my conviction that the belief in the deity of Christ was the essence of Christianity; that the religion must fall with this; that a revision of doctrine, history, psychology, becomes necessary. This you have undertaken. I may differ here and there from you, but on incidental points only, where you may be right. On the main drift of your essay my sympathies are entirely with you. You have learning, thought, insight, on your side, and I think this volume will attract attention by the honesty with which it presents the claims of reason and avows the good results of obeying the natural laws of the mind. You do a service in printing it. I would advise its wide circulation.

From "Review of Reviews," New York.

The present time is one of great religious discussion in America as elsewhere. Books are written from every conceivable standpoint, and the candid student of religious problems will welcome every honest effort at their solution, while not yielding his own individual right of judgment. Mr. Mitchell's work is an attack upon Christianity—its bible, its church, its doctrine, its founder. Firmly fixed in the belief of a divine existence and the necessity for a religious life in man, the author presents the thesis: The divinity of Christ can be disproved; being disproved, the whole Christian system falls. Mr. Mitchell has been a thorough student of recent biblical criticism and he uses its results freely. He goes far beyond the conservative Unitarian position, for he attacks even the ethical teaching of Jesus. Many orthodox readers will sympathize somewhat with the view Mr. Mitchell takes of the clergy. He emphasizes strongly the great amount of social wealth which yearly goes to support church "club houses" and the ministry, which to him appears a serious waste. Generally speaking the volume has been produced in a spirit of great candor. Throughout it is ably written, in clear, fitting language. * * *

From Andrew D. White, LL.D., ex-President of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

I have delayed acknowledging your book until I could have the opportunity to give it a more careful examination. I have now done so, and wish to thank you for it heartily. It seems to me full of valuable information which persons studying the great question to which you refer should have at their command. It also seems very suggestive of thought, and likely to bear useful fruit among investigators.

Any one who in these days is willing to give his labor to opening up these great subjects to the light is, in my opinion, rendering a great service to Christianity itself—a service which, however much it may be depreciated now, will be honored later, when the leaders of thought shall have given the honest attention to the whole subject which it dererves.

Mr. Edward Howe, New York City.

I have given your book a third reading and admire it more than ever. * * * Such a book as yours is greatly needed to clear the theological atmosphere, and I hope it will be very widely circulated. * *

Prof. Hudson Tuttle in "The Better Way."

A more thoroughly honest and impartial criticism on Christian doctrines and the claims of Christianity has not been published. It is logical and argumentative, but never partisan. It presents the strongest arguments for Christianity, and then slowly and surely draws the besieging forces of facts and logic around them, undermines them, and at last demolishes them. Unimpassioned as the truth itself, the author proceeds step by step, and when the last sentence is finished, the object for which he wrote the book has been accomplished. The titles of the twenty-one chapters do not convey a complete idea of the author's line of thought, and quotations from pages so diversified would give a yet more inadequate conception. The book grows better from the beginning. Evidently the author wrote slowly and with much thought, and as he proceeded his mental horizon extended, and expression became easier and more certain. After the review of Christianity, the last five chapters, which somewhat diverge, are especially excellent. They are titled: "Inertia of Ideas," "Conversion," "The Safe Side," "Immortality," "Supernatural Supervision." Those who desire to know what the most advanced scholarship has done in the way of Biblical criticism can find it here in this book, condensed and more forcibly expressed. In short, it is a *vade mecum*, a library within itself of this kind of knowledge, and is much that is difficult of access in its original form. The author writes with conviction, which is felt in any one of his plain and terse sentences. There is no circumlocution or word padding to conceal poverty of ideas. He writes because he has something to say, and says it without fear or favor because he feels that it is true.

From the Boston "Investigator."

Mr. Mitchell has done the cause of Liberalism a great service in his noble work. He has assumed that the truth is a better guide than falsehood, and that it is safe to know the truth and to tell it. There is no subject about which there is more of darkness, of ignorance, of error, than the one he has undertaken to clear up—the divinity of Jesus. Mr. Mitchell has studied the gospels and contemporaneous literature with one end in view—that of finding the truth. He has brought to his study a candid mind, a scholar's critical judgment and a philosopher's spirit. He has sifted the material bearing upon his subject, and arranged and presented the facts, as far as they could be ascertained, in a way to secure the attention of the reader, and to carry conviction to the impartial and unprejudiced mind. His masterly presentation of the superstitions and ideas which culminated in the declaration that Jesus was divine, throws new light on the gospels, and helps to make clear what has heretofore been dark and mysterious. "The Safe Side" is a good book to have in your library. It is original, able and thoroughly liberal in its treatment of the subject.

From The Chicago "Tribune."

* * * "The Safe Side" is written from what may be described as the most agnostic position possible within the range of Unitarian views. It presents a great number of "nuts to crack," by those students of the scriptures and the history of the church who have gone over the ground for themselves, and are credited with the ability to pass judgment upon the arguments for and against "the faith as once delivered to the saints."

* * * But the work should be read by doctors of the church, and able educated ministers of the gospel who possess superior knowledge of the subject. * *

From the Chicago "Times."

* * * Such a book as indicated is "The Safe Side," by Richard M. Mitchell, of this city. * * * But in all this terribly destructive criticism it is manifest that the writer entertains the simplest and most reverent belief in God, and in the unbroken life and development of the human soul throughout eternity. To him the distinction between good and evil is clear, notwithstanding the extinction of Christianity, as a system in his belief. Sin, wrong, he does not believe can be forgiven, but its penalty must be borne in remorse, retarded growth, etc. * * Read his book. * * *

The most remarkable features of the book are its simplicity of manner, its utter fearlessness of candor, its freedom from anything like a spirit of bitterness. It is a book that will be denounced by every orthodox speaker or writer, but they should not forget that denunciation is often, like a demurrer in legal proceedings, an admission of facts, and nearly always amounts to begging the question at issue. It is a book which for its matter, its thought, to say nothing of its manner, is thoroughly worthy of equally simple and complete refutation, if any one can achieve it.

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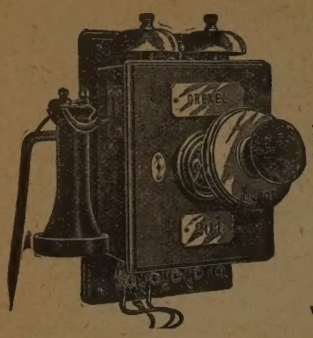

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